



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

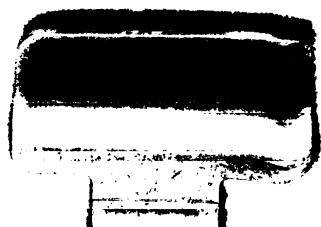
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

UC-NRLF



\$B 119 721







DRESDEN CHINA,

AND OTHER SONGS.

BY

F. E. WEATHERLY,

AUTHOR OF "NANNOY LEE."



LONDON:

DIPROSE AND BATEMAN,

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

1880.

LOAN STACK

PR 5766
W15 D7

Henrietta Lee Baker.
June 6, 1880.

TO

J. L. MOLLOY,

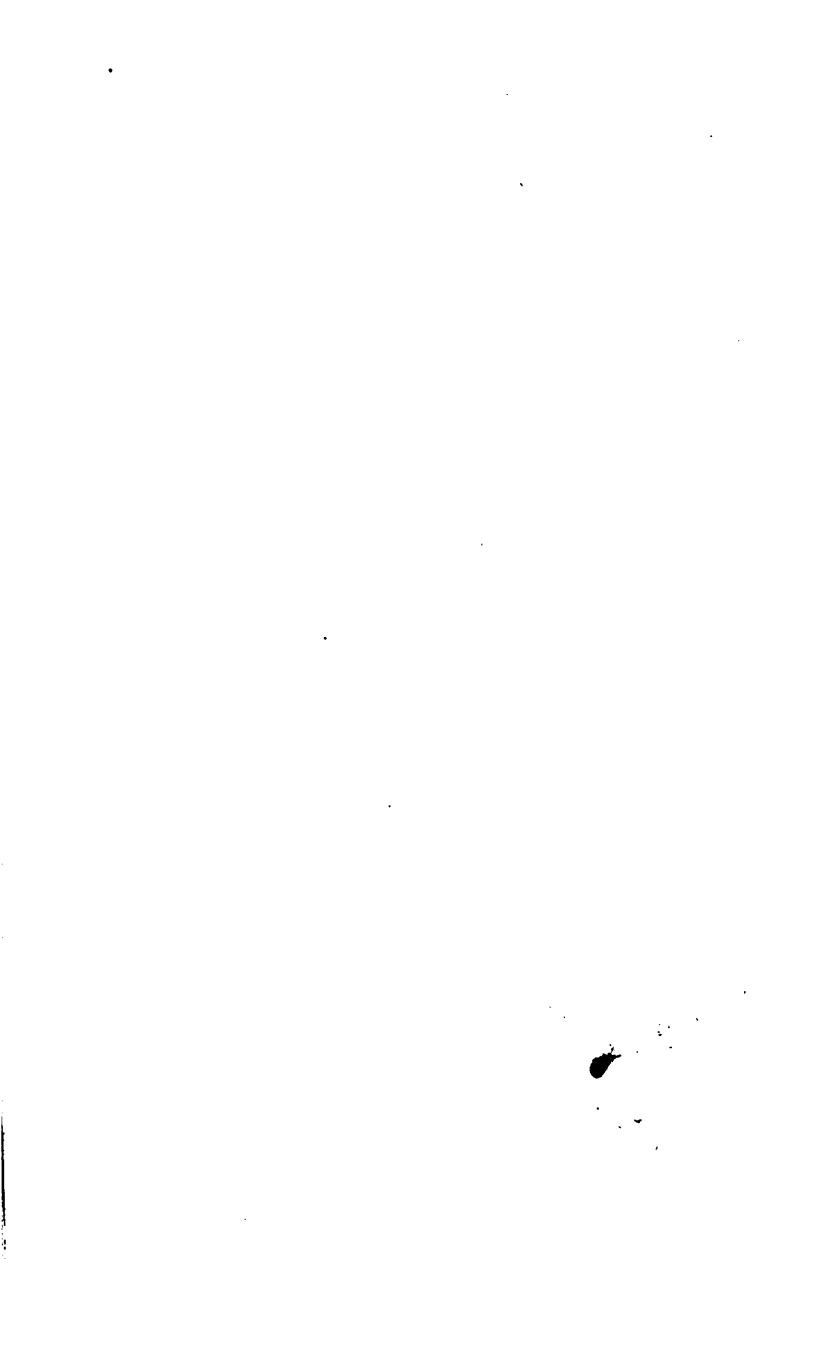
TO WHOSE

DELICATE FANCY AND WISE CRITICISM

I OWE SO MUCH,

I Dedicate

THESE SONGS.





DRESDEN CHINA.

IN the twilight as I play,
and fancies come and go,
dreamland falls on the old oak walls,
from the firelight's fitful glow.
Side by side, in the corner wide,
stand a little lass and lad ;
and, thro' the gloom of my lonely room,
come their two little faces glad.

Side by side, in the corner wide,
I watch their every look ;
she peeps at him 'neath her hat's white brim,
as he leans on his little crook.
Hour by hour I watch them there,
but they take no heed of me ;
they make my dark room bright and fair,
the little He and She.

DRESDEN CHINA.

And as I dream in the flickering gleam,
 he takes her wee sweet hand ;
and to and fro, in a measure slow,
 they tread a saraband.
Still they dance and still I play,
 till the music gives a sigh ;
as dancing aye, they fade away,
 and in the shadows die.

Dimness falls on the old oak walls,
 and loneliness on me ;
when they are gone, my song is done,
 and the music hushed must be.
Oh, how I loved to watch them there,
 though they took no heed of me ;
they were only Dresden china fair,
 the little He and She !





LONDON BRIDGE.

ROUND and lowly, beggar and lord,
over the bridge they go ;

rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
poverty, pomp, and woe.

Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,

hour by hour they crowd along,

while, below, the mighty river

sings them all a mocking song.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,

all is vanity 'neath the sun ;

velvet and rags, so the world wags,

until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powder'd and gay,

rolleth my lady by ;

Rags-and-tatters, over the way,

carries a heart as high.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Flow'rs and dreams from country meadows,
dust and din thro' city skies,
old men creeping with their shadows,
children with their sunny eyes,—
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
all is vanity 'neath the sun ;
velvet and rags, so the world wags,
until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
over the bridge they go ;
floating on in the tide of life,
whither no man shall know.

Who will miss them there to-morrow,
waifs that drift to the shade or sun ?
gone away with their songs and sorrow ;
only the river still flows on.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,
all is vanity 'neath the sun ;
velvet and rags, so the world wags,
until the river no more shall run.





LITTLE BRUNO.

HE was only a little lad,
barefoot and brown,
with large eyes, wistful and sad,
and dark hair waving down.
Over the vine-clad hills,
from the golden Tuscan land,
by olive groves, and by singing rills,
with a lute in his little hand.
He sang ; but his heart was sad
at the heedless hurrying town ;
he was only a little lad,
barefoot and brown !

There were tears in his little voice,
he sang and played ;
no mother had ever heard
the sad sweet songs he made.

LITTLE BRUNO.

But only in dreams to him,
on the vine-clad hills, she sang
and ever sweetest when day grew dim,
and the bells at vespers rang.
None knew the dreams he had,
in the friendless pitiless town;
he was only a little lad,
barefoot and brown !

Winter came on the land,
none gave him bread;
his lute lay broke in his hand,
the little lad was dead.
No one to miss the child !
or his singing strange and sweet,
except the angels, and they were glad
at last in heaven to meet.
They bore him—dreaming, glad,—
up from the heedless town;
he was only a little lad;
barefoot and brown !





JUST AS OF OLD.

I SAW my love in dreams last night,
pass up the sleeping lands,
the lovelight in her dear eyes bright,
a rose-bud in her hands.
And round me as I nearer stept,
I felt her fond arms fold,
while close against my heart she crept,
just as of old.

The grey dawn broke, my love was gone,
the golden vision fled ;
I gat me to the churchyard lone,
wherein my love lay dead.
I found a headstone gray with years,
the morning mists were cold ;
I wept, and knew she saw my tears,
just as of old.



WHEN WE ARE OLD AND GRAY.

WHEN we are old and gray, love,
when we are old and gray,
when at last 'tis all all over,
the turmoil of the day ;
in the still soft hours of even,
in our life's fair twilight time,
we'll look upon the morn, love,
upon our early prime.
"Thank God for all the sweet days!"
we'll whisper, while we may,
when we are old and gray, love,
when we are old and gray.

When we were young and gay, love,
when we were young and gay,
when distant seem'd December,
and all was golden May ;

WHEN WE ARE OLD AND GRAY.

amid our life's hard turmoil,
our true love made us brave,
we thought not of the morrow,
we reck'd not of the grave;
so far seem'd life's dim twilight,
so far the close of day,
when we were young and gay, love,
when we were young and gay.

Now we are old and gray, love,
now we are old and gray,
the night-tide shadows gather,
we have not long to stay.
The last sere leaves have fallen,
the bare bleak branches bend,
set your dear hands in mine, love,
thus, thus we'll wait the end.
"Thank God for all the gladness!"
in peaceful hope we'll say,
now we are old and gray, love,
now we are old and gray.





TURNHAM TOLL.

“**N**OW where are you going so early this morning ?
now where are you going so early ? ” said he ;

he peep'd at her little face under the awning,

“ I'm going to market, to market ” said she.

“ But toll you must pay for passing this way.”

“ And what is the toll, master toll-keeper, pray ? ”

“ O twopence to pay, twopence to pay,

Twopence the toll is for passing this way ! ”

There's riding and driving to market this morning ;

there's riding and driving from near and from far,

but no little face looks from under the awning,

and nobody stands to take toll at the bar.

The door's open wide, but no one's inside,

and the dog finds it lonely at home to be tied

The clock ticks away ; what does it say ?

“ Not many twopences taken to-day ! ”

TURNHAM TOLL.

The day's growing later, the cool shadows thicken,
the little cart stands in the grass by the way,
and under the tilt are the butter and chicken,
but oh ! 'tis too late for the market to-day.
But two happy souls, each the other consoles,
that life's something better than markets and tolls !
O happy are they, roaming away,
tho' ne'er a twopence is taken to-day !





NANCY LEE.

OF all the wives as e'er you know
yeo ho ! lads ho ! yeo ho ! yeo ho !
there's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho !

See there she stands an' waves her hands, upon the quay,
an' ev'ry day when I'm away, she'll watch for me,
an' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
yeo ho ! lads, ho ! yeo ho !

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
yeo ho ! we go across the sea ;
the sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
the sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbour's past, the breezes blow ;
yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho ! yeo ho !
'Tis long ere we come back, I know ;
yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho !

NANCY LEE.

But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be,
an' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet, for Jack at sea,
an' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me ;

yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho !

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be ;
yeo ho ! we go across the sea ;
the sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
the sailor's wife his star shall be.

The boa's'n pipes the watch below ,

yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho ! yeo ho !

Then here's a health afore we go,

yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho !

A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea ;
an' keep our bones from Davy Jones where'er we be,
an' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee ;

yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho !

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be ;
yeo ho ! we go across the sea ;
the sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
the sailor's wife his star shall be.





THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

WHO rides yonder, proud and gay,
spurning the dust on the king's highway,
lord of thousand acres wide,
while I, the beggar, must stand aside?
Go thy way! let me go mine;
I to beg, and thou to dine.
Scatter the dust on the king's highway,
but room for the beggar, room, I say.

Fair and free, night and day,
fair and free is the king's highway.

Hug thyself in wealth of state,
empty purse has a careless gait;
thou must watch thy chests and bags,
none would steal the beggar's rags.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Wine for thee, for me a crust,
king and beggar, they both are dust ;
and dust to dust will be borne, one day,
high and low on the king's highway.

Fair and free, night and day,
fair and free is the king's highway.

Dainty maid of high degree,
what has the beggar to do with thee ?
thy life is morn and love is May :
what has the beggar to thee to say ?
gentle words hast thou for me,
tears are in my heart for thee ;
and ah ! that thou should'st fade one day,
e'en as I, on the great highway.

Fair and free, night and day,
fair and free is the king's highway.





A LITTLE CLOUD.



LITTLE cloud, a little cloud,
that scarce might tell of storms to be;
blue happy skies, that laughing bow'd
across a quiet summer sea.

A little cloud, a tiny form :
yet winds came up along the main,
and all the waves were ridg'd with storm,
and all the lands were dark with rain.

A little word, a little word,
and joy in two young hearts was dead !
alas, that it was ever heard !
alas, that it was ever said !

A little word ; the sun went down ;
then fell the ruin and the rain ;
Love's happy fields were bare and brown,
and life was never bright again !



LOVE AND TIME.

LOVE and Time, one summer's day,
sat and talked together :

Love took up his lute to play,
and sang in the golden weather :

"Life's a fair and brimming cup,
sparkling fresh and mellow ;
quaff it gaily, drink it up,
Time's a surly fellow ! "

Time looked up and gazed at him,
half contempt—half pity ;
calmly smiling, grave and grim,
thus took up the ditty :

LOVE AND TIME.

"All the world is growing gray,
sere and brown and yellow,
you'll be older too some day,
silly little fellow."

Love rose up and ran away
leaving Time in the shadow,
all the golden summer day,
singing thro' the meadow:

"Silly, silly tho' I be,
there's no need to flout me,
though the world may laugh at me,
it cannot do without me."





AN OLD CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BACKWARDS and forwards, when mornin's are shiny,
along this old pathway we wander and talk,
I and my sweetheart so grave and so tiny,
like winter and summer just out for a walk.
'T was such a mornin' as this, little maiden,
sixty years back, but it seems like to-day,
you'd ha' heard the guns boomin' an' seen the ships laden
with redcoats and bluejackets sailin' away.
How the folks cheer'd us, 'tis that we delight in,
'tis love of their country that makes the lads bold,
they tell me I'm done for, for marchin' and fightin',
an old Chelsea pensioner, eighty years old.

AN OLD CHELSEA PENSIONER.

Bright in the breezes her gold hair is streamin',
as, chattin', along our old pathway we go,
right in my blind eye the sunlight is gleamin',
and stump, stump, rings gaily my old timber toe.
Ah ! 'twas a battle ; our colours were tatter'd,
smoke, shot, and shell were all over the plain ;
a ball took my right eye, my left leg was shatter'd,
but faith ! if I had 'em, I'd lose 'em again !
The smell of the powder is what I delight in,
and if I'd æ finger the musket to hold,
I'd shew 'em I had not forgotten my fightin',
tho' an old Chelsea pensioner, eighty years old.





BLUE EYES.

SHE sat and gaz'd across the sea,
blue eyes and hair of gold,
beneath the vine-clad balcony,
she sang a song of old.
Remember me, remember me,
when we are far apart,
true love will turn, by land or sea,
to the first love of its heart.

Blue eyes ! blue eyes ! I see you still,
tho' far and far away,
beneath the vines, or on the hill,
beside the broad blue bay.
Blue eyes for ever haunting me !
sweet voice so long apart !
true love will turn, by land or sea,
to the first love of its heart.



SOME OTHER DAY,

COLINETTE and Colin stand,
by the mill-stream hand in hand,
he is asking fond and fain,
when she'll meet him there again ;
pleading with a lover's power,
that she'll name the very hour :
but Colinette will only say,
"some other day, dear, some other day."

"Some other day, sweetheart," said he,
very far indeed may be,
soft she whispered, "Colin, dear,
it may be also very near."

SOME OTHER DAY.

But vainly still to read he tries
the answer in her merry eyes,
for Colinette will only say,
“some other day, dear, some other day.”

Some other day came very soon,
came, in fact, before next noon,
words forget their fixed intent,
“every day” her answer meant.
But for love of golden days,
Colinette ne’er changed her phrase;
at parting she would always say,
“some other day, dear, some other day.”





JACK'S YARN.

T WAS a Monday night, the moon was shinin' bright,
the winds had been a blowin' all the day,
we was sittin' in a ring, an' ah ! how we did sing,
I reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay.
I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who was so fond an' true,
when we hears a sort o' splashin' in the sea,
an' a nigger then we spied, scramblin' up the starboard side,
an' he tumbled on the deck in front o' me.
Hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho, hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, he,
the ship's a sailin', sailin' on the sea,
an' ev'ry jolly Jack will soon be comin' back :
singin' haul-lee, hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho.

The tears were on his cheek, he sobb'd an' couldn't speak,
he show'd us where his back were torn an' scored,
he clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trembled like to fall,
when he saw the white-faced planter come aboard.

JACK'S YARN.

Then our cap'n, he up-stood, so noble, proud an' good,
an' the poor old nig was at his knee :
" ev'ry man is free," he cries, " where the British colour flies,
an' I'll never give him up!" says he.
Hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho, haul-lee, hil-lee, he,
the ship's a sailin', sailin' on the sea ;
an' ev'ry jolly Jack will soon be comin' back,
singin' haul-lee, hil-lee, haul-lee, hill-lee ho.

Then the planter he grew pale, an' like a cur turn'd tail,
an' quickly down the side went he,
or on our British deck, he'd soon ha' found his neck :
an' the poor old slave was free.
So here's good luck an' life to our cap'n an' his wife,
God bless 'm for his noble words say we ;
for to free the slaves, Britannia rules the waves,
an' that's being mistress of the sea.
Hil-lee, haul-lee, hill-lee ho, hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee he,
the ship's a sailin', sailin' on the sea ;
an' ev'ry jolly Jack will soon be comin' back,
singin' haul-lee, hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee ho.





TOUCHED.

BY the old flow'r-market
sits a little maid,
someone standing yonder
sings amid the shade.

List'ning, little maiden ?
canst thou hear the song ?
"life is fleet, my darling,
but true love is long !"

There beneath the archway,
all the sunny hours,
sitting at her basket,
but no one buys her flow'rs.

TOUCHED.

Foolish little maiden !
she will wait there long ;
for, though she sees the passers,
she only hears the song.

Twilight shadows gather,
not a flow'r is sold.
'Tis an old old story
best at twilight told :
no one heard his singing
save her heart alone,
and that is all he sang for,
—to make her heart his own.





THE CHORISTER.



SWEET and dim the lights and shade
across the minster stealing ;
I heard the grand old organ played,
the anthem upward stealing.
One boy's sweet voice above the rest,
I heard so clearly ringing,
the angels must his dreams have blest,
to teach him such sweet singing.

His earnest eyes to heav'n were bent,
with yearning pure and lowly,
to follow where his singing went.
and join the angels holy.

THE CHORISTER.

No gentle mother's love had he,
but God had comfort giv'n,
for he might sing on earth and she
might hear her child from heav'n.

Last night I dreamt of harps of gold,
heaven's gates were roll'd asunder,
I saw the grave sweet face of old,
uprais'd in joy and wonder.
He sings among the angels now,
beside the crystal river,
the light of God is on his brow
for ever and for ever.





A LITTLE MOUNTAIN-LAD.

QVER the moorlands gay and glad,
he piped the sweet day long,
he was only a little mountain-lad,
she loved to hear his song.
She leaned from her window, weeping sad,
when he drove his flock away
he was only a little mountain-lad,
she watched for him each day.

Far from the gorse and babbling rills,
she went away one day,
he is alone upon the hills,
piping his little lay.

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN-LAD.

And she has wooers at her feet,
and all is rich and rare ;
he drives his flock by her window seat,
but she is not there, not there !

Out on the moorlands lone and sad,
he weeps for the days that were,
he is only a little mountain-lad,
she is a lady fair !

But there steals a hand into his so glad,
she will be his little bride,
he is only a little mountain-lad,
but she loves none else beside.





FOR THE COLOURS.

ONE morning through the Abbey-door,
a bright boy-soldier stopt,
to gaze upon the tombs once more
where England's bravest slept.
In dreams he saw them marching by,
just as of old to fight and die,
he raised his sword, he knelt and cried;
"O let me die as they have died!"

Hark, hark! the organ's solemn strain!
He sees his village-church again,
his own true maiden at his side,
singing sweet hymns at even-tide.

FOR THE COLOURS.

And then—and then—the parting hour !
those tears beneath the belfry tow'r !
“ Farewell ! farewell ! where'er we be,
the Lord shall watch 'twixt thee and me ! ”

But hark again the bugles blow !
the troops are mustering ! he must go !

* * * * *

He went, he fought, all hope was past,
but still they fight and fall,
he held the colours to the last,
and fell the last of all.

O fold them round him young and brave,
the colours that he died to save !
there let him sleep where duty led—
England remembers England's dead.





POLLY.

DO you want to know the smartest craft
as ever puts from port ?

well, that's my Polly, the lively Polly
an' she's a rare good sort.

Ope the window and look my lads,
she's lyin' agen the quay,
the smartest craft, afore and abaft,
as ever went to sea.

Afloat, afloat in my pilot boat,
the winds an' waves for me,
Polly, my Polly, she's so jolly,
the jolliest craft on sea.

Do you want to know the sweetest wife
as lives in this here place ?
well, that's my Polly, my little Polly,
and bless her heart and face.

POLLY.

Come when you care, you'll find her there,
in our bit of a house by the quay,
her hands full of work and her heart of love,
and all for the sake of me.

Afloat, afloat in my pilot boat,
when the sails are set and furled,
Polly, my Polly, she's so jolly,
the sweetest wife in the world.

Do you want a toast to-night, my lads,
afore we say good-bye?
well, that's my wife and the lively Polly;
and bless 'em both, say I.

Fill your glasses high, my lads,
an' drink it three times three,
here's to my wife, the pride o' my life,
an' the boat as I steers to sea.

Afloat, afloat I sing in my boat,
when the sails are set and furled,
Polly an' Polly, they're so jolly,
the sweetest pair in the world.





THE WINDOW-SILL.

WILLIE'S gone ploughing out on the hill,
Willie must pass by the old white mill;
if somebody sits by her deep window-sill,
how will the ploughing go, out on the hill?

Someone is spinning, up at the mill,
watching the road that winds round the hill;
if Willie should stop by the deep window-sill,
how will the spinning go, up at the mill?

The horses are waiting, the spinning-wheel still,
the field lies unploughed all the morn on the hill;
and someone is certain, as certain as Will,
that there's no place on earth like the deep window-sill.



POPPIES IN THE CORN.

WE wander'd thro' the golden corn,
in the summer long ago,
and the waves dash'd in with merry din
on the old grey rocks below ;
we plucked the poppies in the corn,
and all my world was there,
in the golden corn that happy morn,
for my darling was so fair !
Dream ! (sang the poppies) dream !
and let the years go by ;
love shall not die !

POPPIES IN THE CORN.

O the yellow corn-lands blowing bright !
The sea-cliffs and the sand !
I sit alone in the waning light
with the poppies in my hand !
Ah, sweet dim flow'rs, all wither'd now !
ghosts from the golden past,
oh kiss me upon my burning brow,
until I sleep at last !
Sleep ! Sleep ! O sleep and dream !
and let the years go by ,
love shall not die !





GRANNY.

GRANNY is old and her hair so white,
her step is weak and slow,
but her heart is warm and her eyes as bright
as long and long ago.
As she sits and reads through the peaceful eves,
ah! why does she weep and sigh?
'Tis an old, old book, and between the leaves
two wither'd roses lie.

Granny reads and the years unfold,
'tis a long remember'd spring,
she sees her husband as of old,
she hears their bride-bells ring.

GRANNY.

His loving arm, his faithful vow,
it all comes back so clear,
but ah ! his voice is silent now,
his arm no longer near.

Granny is gone with her peaceful smile,
and her beautiful silver hair,
'twas lonely waiting, a weary while,
lonely and hard to bear.
God grant she has found the lost one dear,
in the land that is far away,
and the hand, that gave her the roses here,
is clasp'd in hers there for aye.





ACROSS THE FAR BLUE HILLS, MARIE.

ACROSS the far blue hills, Marie,
the mellow moon looks wistfully,
and folds us lingering sadly here
this last last time for many a year.
Farewell ! farewell ! I pass from thee,
across the sad hills, love Marie !

Across the far blue hills, Marie,
the same sweet moon shall shine on thee,
when drawing nigh to this lov'd place,
with tears upon thy wan wet face,
thou'lt yearn and stretch sad hands for me,
across the far hills, love Marie !

ACROSS THE FAR BLUE HILLS, MARIE.

From distant lands beyond the sea,
with happy steps I come to thee,
the years of parting all are o'er,
we twain shall part on earth no more :
come forth ! come forth ! to welcome me,
across the glad hills, love Marie !

Across the shadowy hills, Marie,
I come ;—I stop, I look for thee ;
I only find a moss'd head-stone,
a little legend grav'd thereon,
that tells me thou art gone from me,
across death's dim hills, love Marie !

Across the bars of Heav'n, Marie,
look from thy place in love on me,
and cheer me, while I linger here,
lone toiling thro' each lonely year,
till God shall bid me come to thee,
across the far hills, love, Marie.





BY AND BY.

BY and by, the evening falls,
sons of labour rest,
weary cattle seek the stalls,
birds are in the nest.

By and by, the tide will turn,
change comes o'er the sky,
life's hard task the child will learn,
by and by !

By and by, the soldier quits
rattle of the gun,
happy with his wife he sits,
battles fought and won.

By and by the calm will come,
seas no more ring high,
glad will be the sailor's home,
by and by.

BY AND BY.

By and by, to those that wait
all things will come round,
gladness though it linger late,
sought for, will be found.
Lovers that were far apart
fate shall bring them nigh,
love shall link them heart to heart,
by and by !

By and by, the din will cease,
day's long hours depart,
by and by in holy peace
we shall sleep at last.
Calm will be the sea-wind's roar.
calm we too shall lie,
toil and moil and weep no more,
by and by !





LOVE AND ART.

UNDERNEATH the sea cliffs on the shaded sand,
there sits a little maiden with a book in hand.

Reading, little maiden ? no, sweet eyes of brown,
reading is not easy when the book is upside down.

Just a bowshot further down the shaded sand,
some one at an easel plies a busy hand.

Verily he's painting a picture quaint and rare,
a basket with two brown eyes, and a boat with golden hair.

So the days unnoted as the seatides roll,
till within his true eyes she has read his soul ;
he her picture painted for ever in his heart,
that the reader and the painter may be no more apart.



LITTLE PINK GOWN.

CARRIER Cripps he sits in his van,
jogging along the way,
with the farmer's wife, and the parson's man,
and matrons grave and gay.
Some have a smile and some have a frown,
but 'tis all the same to him,
the best of the bunch is the little Pink Gown,
that sits in the corner dim.

Merrily, merrily trots the team,
past the mill on the open moor;
over the bridge across the stream,
by many an idle door.

LITTLE PINK GOWN.

And one by one the folks get down,
with a smile and good-night to him,
and there's nobody left but the little Pink Gown,
that sits in the corner dim.

The van stood empty one morning soon,
the team in the stable tied,
and those who would get to town ere noon,
with somebody else must ride.

They may chafe and chide, they may fret and frown,
and wait there long they may,
but Carrier Cripps and the little Pink Gown
are over the hills away.





A SAILOR'S WOOING.

JACK HARDY stopt with his sail and oar,
for Polly was passing along the shore,
and Jack had lov'd her many a day,
and that's why he look'd the other way!
But somehow or other, they know not why,
soon Jack and Polly were standing nigh;
but he only whistled and stared, and sang,
and, as far as she heard, the burden rang:
"O, the sailor's wife shall bless his life
wherever he may be;
where'er the ship goes, where'er the wind blows,
the star of his life is she!"

"But, Jack," said Polly, "'tis vain to sing
of star or wife or any such thing,
unless you've a true little wife," she said;
and Jack looked seaward and rubb'd his head;

A SAILOR'S WOOING.

and sigh'd and stared, and sigh'd once more,
then counted the knots on his sturdy oar,
and then he whistled, and then he sang,
and, as far as she heard, the burden rang :
" O, the sailor's wife shall bless his life
 wherever he may be ;
where'er the ship goes, where'er the wind blows,
 the star of his life is she ! "

Anon they walked to his stranded boat,
and tried together to get her afloat ;
they pull'd in vain, for the boat was fix'd,
and, somehow or other, their hands got mixed !
And, somehow or other, one day next week,
Jack found courage and tongue to speak ;
but Polly declares that he only sang,
and, as far as she heard, the burden rang :
" O, the sailor's wife shall bless his life
 wherever he may be ;
where'er the ship goes, where'er the wind blows,
 the star of his life is she ! "





THE GIFT OF TEARS.

IN cradle at the close of day,
a little child was sleeping,
three angels robed in white array,
a prayerful watch were keeping.

Two said "O happy should she be,
life's best gifts we have meted,"
"Nay," said the eldest of the three,
"our task is not completed."

Then up the sleeping town she past,
by alley dark and dreary,
the winds were cold, the rain fell fast,
on many a wand'rer weary.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

There, on the pavement in the rain,
a babe and mother lying,
the child is dead ! O vain, in vain
are all her tears and crying !

One teardrop took that angel mild,
and gave release from sorrow,
the mother and her little child
shall meet in Heav'n to-morrow.

One teardrop took, and pass'd away
to that bright home of gladness,
wherein the new-born baby lay,
unknowing sin and sadness.

Upon its breast the tear she laid,
then heav'nwards they ascended ;
" The last gift is the best," she said,
" our mission now is ended ! "

Then sang they, through the starry shine,
" Heav'n shall its blessing send her,
she hath the gift of tears divine,
of pity, pure and tender !



ANGUS MACDONALD.

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen,
when Angus Macdonald march'd off with his men;
O sad was my heart, when we sobb'd our good bye,
and he marched to the battle, may be to die !

O Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear,
and gloomy the mountains, for thou art not near;
O Angus, my own, in the camps oversea,
I'm waiting and longing, and praying for thee.

O, hark ! there's a stir, in the trees in the glen !
'Tis the call of the pibrochs ! the marching of men !
The echoes are waking on forest and scaur,
'tis Angus my own, coming home from the war !



DOWN THE GOLDEN WOODS.

DOWN the golden woods we went,
each on one sweet secret bent,
down the greenways till we spied
a boat upon a river-side ;
O and swift and sweet we sailed,
round the prow white lilies trailed ;
onward, on, thro' sun and shade,
silver rain the ripples made,
whisp'ring from the wooded shore,
" Ye shall sail for evermore."

O the sunlight rich and rare,
O the song-birds fluting fair !

DOWN THE GOLDEN WOODS.

till a sweeter song was sung,
till our hearts in rapture hung ;
till, while gold the silence grew,
each the other's secret knew.
Onward, onward, fleet and free !
we dashed into Love's broad, bright sea !
that caroll'd from its silver shore,
" Ye shall love for evermore."





FOR EVER AND FOR AYE.

WHILE I have heart and voice, love,
I make love songs for you,
and sitting glad together,
you know that I am true.
The brown bird in the branches
shall join my singing gay :
my darling is my darling,
and shall be so for aye !

When I am dead, my darling,
and all my singing done,
and you, in life's lone twilight,
still linger toiling on ;

FOR EVER AND FOR AYE.

you'll hear the brown bird singing,
above me, night and day:
his darling is his darling,
and shall be so for aye !

And when your work is over,
at life's still eventide,
and you are dead, my darling,
and lying by my side :
our souls shall hear the brown bird
still singing night and day:
his darling is his darling,
for ever and for aye !





THE BIRD AND THE CROSS.

WHETHER from sea-shores far away
a little sea-bird came one day,
the children found it beating vain
spent wings against the window-pane.
Weary it fluttered to and fro,
and round a crucifix below,
till sure of pity, love and rest,
it lighted on the Saviour's breast.

With daily food the children came,
the holy quiet made it tame,
and when the organ played, it pour'd
its praises also to the Lord.
But once they came at set of sun,
they found their fond task past and done,
beside the Saviour's blessed head
the little sea bird nestled—dead !



THE WORKER.

THE night lay o'er the city,
the rain and winds made moan ;
the worker, in his garret,
sat toiling long and lone
with nought of earth to praise him,
no earthly love to bless ;
but there was one in Heaven
still cheered his loneliness !
Courage, true heart ! she waiteth
somewhere beyond the sun,
to welcome thee to Heaven,
when thy brave work is done.

Far on the hills of Heaven
an angel watching leant,
across the blue cloud-barriers,
with glad eyes earthward bent.

THE WORKER.

Proudly she gazed, and happy,
down through the utter air,
and marked in that great city
the worker toiling there ;
and whispered thro' the quiet,
“ I come to thee anon !
toil on, O my beloved !
thy work is well nigh done.”

A few more nights of labour,
of struggling bravely on,
and then God sent the angel,
the worker's work was done.
Cold lay the lifeless body
within that cheerless place,
a smile of peaceful trusting
upon the poor thin face.
But from the lonely garret,
unseen of mortal sight,
two angels happy-hearted
passed into Heaven that night !



AT THE FERRY.

I CAN hear them o'er the meadows,
the old church bells a-chime,
o'er the twilight misty meadows,
in the sweet spring-time.
Across the stream we float in the old old ferry-boat,
and talk of all the days to come
in the sweet spring-time.

Row! row! under the stars;
flow, stream, by thy sandy bars!
row! row! from shore to shore,
love will last for evermore!

We are drifting down the stream,
by the darkening willow shore,
in a happy golden dream,
and my lover rows no more.

AT THE FERRY.

He lets the old boat glide ; he is sitting at my side
and saying that his heart is mine
for ever, evermore.

Row ! row ! under the stars ;
flow, stream, by thy sandy bars !
row ! row ! from shore to shore,
love will last for evermore.

But 'tis long and long ago,
and he is here no more ;
I do but sit and dream and dream
beside the quiet shore.

The old boat still floats on, as in the years a-gone,
and thy words are in my heart, my love,
for ever, evermore.

Row ! row ! under the stars ;
flow, stream, by thy sandy bars !
row ! row ! from shore to shore,
love will last for evermore.





SNOWDROPS.

SNOWDROPS, where the sunbeams slanted
o'er a garden fair;
snowdrops that a wee child planted
with such loving care.

Snowdrops, snowdrops, white and frail,
like herself so pure, so pale !

Snowdrops for a bridal morning,
blessings from above ;
snowdrops for a bride's adorning,
emblems of her love !

Snowdrops, snowdrops, gemm'd with dew
like herself so pure, so true !

SNOWDROPS.

Snowdrops laid in wee white fingers,
cross'd upon her breast,
where beneath the grass she lingers
in eternal rest.

Snowdrops, snowdrops, white and frail,
like herself so pure, so pale !





BECAUSE I DO.

THE rivers hurry seaward,
because they love the sea
the weary deer moves treeward,
for shady is the tree.
The sea shines back to heaven,
because it loves the blue,
and I come forth to you love,
because—because I do.

The breezes love the blossom
that gives them sweet perfume;
the roses love the bosom
whereon they blush and bloom.
The winter loves the robin,
because it is so true,
and I love you, my darling,
because—because I do!



AT THE QUEEN'S COMMAND.

UP, boys, up, boys ! buckle on your blades !
good-bye to wives and mothers ! good-bye to tender
maids !

Come from hill and valley, come from thorp and town,
young recruits light-hearted, troopers old and brown !

Danger is looming, threat'ning our land,
up, boys, and ready be, sword in hand !
Muster, boys, muster, steadily stand,
ready to march at the Queen's command !

Up, boys ! up, boys ! doubt not, nor delay !
soldiers and sailors have but to obey.
Muster in your thousands, Britons as of yore ;
what we've done of old, boys, we can do once more.

AT THE QUEEN'S COMMAND.

Danger is looming, threat'ning our land,
up, boys, and ready be, sword in hand !
Muster, boys, muster, steadily stand,
ready to fight at your Queen's command !

Up, boys ! up, boys ! show yourselves to-day
strong and swift in action, calm before the fray.
Show the world that England, when she draws the sword
sheathes it not, nor wavers, till she proves her word.

Danger is looming, threat'ning our land,
up, boys, and ready be, sword in hand !
Redcoats and jolly tars, steadily stand,
ready to die at your Queen's command.





DAVY JONES.

THERE lives an old man at the bottom of the sea,
so I've heard tell,

and Davy Jones is the name of he,

so I've heard tell.

He sits there mutt'ring gruff and grim,
a storm and a wreck is the fun for him,
he can't think why folks learn to swim,
so I've heard tell.

And when we sinks to the bottom of the sea,
so I've heard tell,
"tis a very merry morning," then says he,
so I've heard tell.

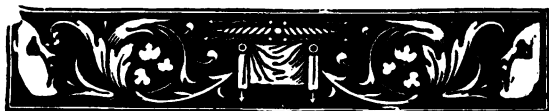
DAVY JONES.

He hops among the weeds and stones,
and plays at skittles with our bones,
a rare old hand is Davy Jones,
so I've heard tell.

But if there's one thing he do bar,
so I've heard tell,
'tis the laugh and the song of a jolly Jack-tar,
so I've heard tell.

Then roar, jolly messmates, stout and strong,
we'll make old Davy fly along,
there's lots can be cured, with a laugh and song,
so I've heard tell.





MY LASS.

NOW, my lads, 'tis time to go,
the tide is running high,
fresh and strong the breezes blow,
beneath the morning sky.

One more glass, and one more stave,
and those that bide ashore,
shall drink to us who cross the wave,
and wish us home once more.

Cheerily clinks the windlass chain,
haul away, boys, then ! yeo, heave ho !
Cheerily let the taut sail strain,
cheerily let her go.

MY LASS.

Farewell, Annie, bonnie wife,
across the sea I go,
Heav'n will guard the sailor's life,
when stormy breezes blow.

One more kiss before we part,
so true and brave you'll be,
and keep all snug and trim, sweetheart,
when I'm away at sea.

One more kiss, and then we part,
I know where'er I roam,
my Annie's loving face and heart
keep watch for me at home.

Hark how they haul the anchor up,
cheerily boys, then ! yeo, heave ho !
there flies the flag to the mizen-top,
telling me I must go.

Good bye ! good bye ! my own own lass,
O weep not thus so sore,
for soon the lonely days will pass,
and I'll be home once more.



WE SHALL SEE.

YONDER roams a rosy maiden,
O'er the shingles gay and glad ;
from his boat, with dark nets laden,
comes a sturdy fisher-lad.

Will they greet, the maid and he ?
we shall see—what we shall see !

There, within the June-tide gloaming,
shyly hand is set in hand,
far away they're slowly roaming
down the twilight ocean-sand.
Are they lovers, he and she ?
we shall see—what we shall see !

WE SHALL SEE.

Happy is the way they're wending,
 sea-wind fans her rosy cheek,
o'er her he is fondly bending,
 longs, yet fears, his love to speak.
Will she glad or angry be?
we shall see—what we shall see!

They have met and kissed and parted,
 such things often come to pass,
some are wedded happy-hearted,
 some for ever part, alas!
What will these do, he and she?
we shall see—what we shall see!





WHAT ARE THEY TO DO?

WHEN a lover loves a lass,
when she only plays,
feigns to fly when he draws nigh,
with her saucy ways ;
when she will not soothe his woe,
saying she'll be true,
when she'll say nor "Yes" nor "No,"
what is he to do ?

Shall he weep and wail ?

shall his face be pale ?

No ! no ! no ! let her go !

When a maiden loves a man,
when he loves not her,
though she tries, as maidens can,
tries to draw him near ;

WHAT ARE THEY TO DO ?

when he passes heedless by,
other-where to woo,
when she loves him, far or nigh,
what is she to do ?

Shall she weep and wail ?
shall her face be pale ?
No ! no ! no ! let him go !

When a lover loves a lass,
when she loves him so,
that at length it comes to pass,
both ~~the~~ secret know ;
hand in hand, as heart to heart,
when they both are true,
is it right that they should part ?
what are they to do ?

Churchward side by side,
bridegroom and his bride,
let them go ! let them go !





MY DARLINGS THREE.

THE morning's bright and the canvas tight,
the drags are deep in sea ;
then here's a song, as we drive along—
a song o' my darlings three.

There's Nan, my wife, the love o' my life,
the first o' them all is she,
an' there's my little lad, who loves his dad,
an' my boat that's the best on sea.

Then haul-lee, haul-lee, heave ho haul-lee,
haul in the nets wi' me ;
give 'em a cheer as away we steer,
Heav'n bless my darlings three !

MY DARLINGS THREE.

Early and late, they'll watch and wait,
dear hearts, to welcome me;
there'll be none so gay to-night as they,
when the boats put in from sea.
On stormiest tide my boat will ride,
for true to the helm is she,
an' though we part, Nan's faithful heart
like the compass points to me.

Then haul-lee, haul-lee, heave ho haul-lee,
haul in the nets wi' me;
give 'em a cheer as away we steer;
Heav'n bless my darlings three!





SONS OF VULCAN.



HE anvils echo hard and strong,
ding dong ! ding dong !
we hammer hammer all day long,
ding dong ! ding dong !

The forge is bright from morning light till evening falls,
the swinging hammers shake with might the smithy walls,
for 'tis by furnace-flame, and measured mighty blows,
the iron stronger grows.

Then, Sons of Vulcan, hammer, hammer all day long,
'tis hammer hammer makes the iron strong,
ding dong ! ding dong !

Sing, brothers, sing a jovial song,
ding dong ! ding dong !
the anchor's finished, true and strong,
ding dong ! ding dong !

SONS OF VULCAN.

Heaven guard the gallant ship, and every seaman brave,
and prosperous gales where'er she sails across the wave ;
and when they ride the harbour-tide, in driving blast,
they'll find the anchor fast.

Then shout ! then shout ! the anchor's tried and strong,
and stoutly, firmly may it hold them long,
ding dong ! ding dong !

Sing, brothers, louder yet and long,
ding dong ! ding dong !
and every man shall join our song,
ding dong ! ding dong !

For life's a mighty forge whose anvils never tire,
and every heart must cleansed be with purging fire,
till tried and tempered in the waves of work and care,
it learns the power of prayer.

Life's mighty hammers echo loud and long,
and drown the song of hate and wrong,
ding dong ! ding dong !
be this our song.





THE KEY OF GOLD.

THE key of gold, in days of old,
the bards declared must win ;
unlock the gates of stoutest mould,
and let who would go in.

And still the world wags as of yore,
still every knave is bold,
because he deems the strongest door
must yield to keys of gold.

But give no key of gold to me,
while hearts are true within ;
the iron will can conquer still,
and they who strive shall win.

And, as of old, the key of gold
can gain the lover's vow ;
for hearts of men, though sordid then,
are just as sordid now.

THE KEY OF GOLD.

Let shore and sea unwedded be,
let streams in summer freeze,
ere I will call that love at all
that yields to golden keys.

Oh! give no key of gold to me,
while hearts are true within;
the iron will can conquer still,
and they who strive shall win.

Who seeks a name must fight with fame,
for what is great is hard;
fame sitteth high, and near the sky,
and keeps her portals barr'd.
Press on and fight with main and might
ere yet the days grow old;
to toil and hope those gates shall ope,
but not to keys of gold.

Ah! give no key of gold to me,
while hearts are true within;
the iron will can conquer still,
and they who strive shall win.





MY LITTLE MAID.

SAY, will you marry me, my little maid?
our house is not ready quite yet, I'm afraid.

Come with your old man; give him your hand,
we'll go and inspect it in Lullaby land.

If I'm too tired to walk at your side,
in your little green cart you can give me a ride.

You are the sunshine! I am the shade!
when will you marry me, my little maid?

You shall choose your jam on the store-cupboard shelf,
and cut up your dinner your very own self;
you shall play with the candles, the coals, and the sticks;
and no one shall come for Miss Minnie at six.

MY LITTLE MAID.

No one shall make you sit straight in your chair,
or tease you or hurt you in brushing your hair,
no lessons ! no scoldings ! don't be afraid ?
when will you marry me, my little maid ?

When will you marry me, my little maid ?
you need not leave Dolly, don't be afraid !
and Robin and Dobbin shall come with us too,
with a pair of rosettes, each, of silver and blue.
When will you marry me ? " Some other day
when you are quite grown up,' you say.
When you are quite grown up, I'm afraid,
You will not marry me *then*, little maid.





THE LITTLE SKIPPER.

THEY sat together, a happy pair,
in an old hull by the sea,
a maiden fair with golden hair,
and a brave bright boy was he.
“I’m the skipper,” he cries, “and you’re my wife,
and over the sea we’ll go!”
he cuts the rope with his little knife,
and the crimson sun was low.

Up rose the storm, loud roared the tide,
the boat was filling fast,
the little wife crept to her skipper’s side,
and wept at the fearful blast.

THE LITTLE SKIPPER.

He wraps her warm in his little coat,
he cries, "O weep not so!"
as swift they drift in the filling boat,
and the stormy sun is low.

O what shall be the parents' life,
in their cabins on the shore,
the little skipper and his wife
will come to them no more.
O lonely will they wander by,
and watch the ebb and flow,
and deem they hear their children cry,
when the crimson sun is low.





TIME FLIES.

DO you hear the long waves rolling for ever evermore,
outside the blowing harbour-bar, and up the quiet
shore ?

do you wonder what they say
to the shingles worn and gray,
do you hear the song they sang to us, in the old days past away?
Time flies, dear heart, time flies !
and the sea-tides fall and rise,
bloom leaf and flower for one short hour,
but the true love never dies.

Let the long long twilight gather, the loud loud billows
moan !

I need not weep, I shall not fear, when thou art near, mine
own !

TIME FLIES.

Across the traitor sand
we wander hand in hand,
till side by side at even-tide we pass to the silent land !
Time flies, dear heart ! time flies !
and the sea-tides fall and rise,
bloom leaf and flower for one short hour,
but the true love never dies.





THE CLOSED DOOR.

AS one who stands alone
beside a closèd door,
before thy heart of hearts, mine own,
I stand and knock once more.
Sun, moon and stars arise and set,
the great world hurries by,
the light that shone when first we met,
is gone from earth and sky.

One day we two shall meet,
for I shall come once more,
as one, who treads an old, old street,
stops at the well known door.
And then I know at even-tide
I shall not knock in vain,
thy heart of hearts will open wide,
and take me home again.



LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

THE rustling sea creeps round her feet,
where lone she sits on shore,
with sad eyes sweet, far strained to greet
her love that comes no more ;
and higher creeps the hungry sea,
still sits she heedless there,
there comes no sail upon the gale
sad little Golden-hair.

Against her breast the bright waves shine,
yet hoping, lingers she ;
no sail ! no sign, across the brine !
and higher climbs the sea.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

And now the waves are o'er her eyes,
now all is silent there,
but with fall and rise the sea foam sighs
"Lost little Golden-hair."

The herd boy drove his flocks at dawn,
down from the green hills nigh,
and there laid white on the sea-beach bright,
he sees the maiden lie;
he bent him o'er her sweet face dead,
he kiss'd her wan lips fair,
"I am so lonely *now*," he said,
"Lost little Golden-hair."





LITTLE WIFE.

HAVE you forgotten, little wife,
our far off childhood's golden life ?
our splendid castles on the sands,
the boat I made with my own hands,
the rain that caught us in the wood,
the cakes we had when we were good,
the doll I broke and made you cry,
when we were children, you and I !

Have you forgotten, little wife,
the dawning of that other life ?
the strange new light the whole world wore
when life love's perfect blossom bore !

LITTLE WIFE.

The dreams we had ! the songs we made !
the sunshine ! and the woven shade !
the tears of many a sad good-bye,
when we were parted, you and I !

Ah, nay ! your loving heart, I know,
remembers still the long ago ;
it is the light of childhood's days
that shines through all your winning ways.
God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
its innocence, and faith, and truth,
the smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by,
when we were children, you and I.





BECAUSE OF THEE.

WHY droop the roses lorn and pale,
that once were gay and bright?

Why mournful sings the nightingale,
upon the trancèd night?

Why moans the forest sad and drear,
drear as a winter sea?

Because, my love, thou art so dear,
and I must part from thee.

Why sing the birds on ev'ry tree?
the sea on yonder shore?

Why chime the flow'r bells merrily
to welcome me once more?

Why sings my heart so wild and free?
Why is the world ashine?

Because, my love, I come to thee,
because thy heart is mine.



THE TWO ORPHANS.

THERE was rain in the city-churchyard,
two children came that way,
they had only a bunch of snowdrops
to place where their mother lay.
There was rain in their little faces,
but still they were fain to stay,
for home was home no longer,
orphans were they !

There is light in the city-churchyard,
the clouds have passed away,
the tears of the little children
have been wiped away for aye ;
there is joy for the angel-mother,
there is joy for them to-day,
for Heaven is their home for ever,
angels are they !



THE SEA'S LOVE.

ONCE in the days of old,
in the years of youth and mirth,
the sea was a lover bright and bold,
and he loved the golden earth.
The sun, in his royal raiment clad,
loved her and found her sweet,
but the sea was content and glad
only to lie at her feet.

Ah, that the bards should sing,
and wail for the golden years,
love was and is but an idle thing,
'tis but a vane that veers.

And earth in her beauty and pride,
held her lips to the wooing sun,
he said "thou art fair, O my bride,"
and she sang "I am thine alone."

THE SEA'S LOVE.

The faithful sea at her faithless feet
 rolled with a broken moan,
“ O sun,” he cried, “but thy bride is sweet,
 and I am alone, alone ! ”

 Ah, that the bards should sing,
 and wail for the golden years,
love was and is but an idle thing,
 ’tis but a vane that veers.

Oft would the sun depart,
 and his bride in her gloom make moan ;
and the sea would cry that her loving heart
 should be left to pine alone.

And his voice is strange, and sad, and sweet,
 “ O love, not mine ! not mine !

I am content to lie at thy feet,
 and to love thee in storm and shine.”

 Ah, that the bards should sing,
 and wail for the golden years.
love was and is but an idle thing,
 ’tis but a vane that veers.



THE FERRY-MAIDEN.

SIR Roland to the river came,
full blithely there he cried,
“O row me o’er the tide, lassie,
O row me o’er the tide !
A piece of red red gold, lassie,
I’ll gladly give to thee,
for yonder tower’s my lady’s bower,
and there she waits for me !”

She rowed him o’er the water wide,
she saw him leap to land,
he left a piece of red red gold
within her lily hand.

THE FERRY-MAIDEN.

And many a time she ferried him
across the water wide,
and every time she dropt the gold
adown into the tide.

“O row us o’er the tide, lassie,
“O row us o’er the tide,
I’ll fill thy lap with red red gold,
for I have won my bride!”

The water laps among the reeds,
no maiden makes reply ;
there in the river by her boat
they see the maiden lie.





TWO PATHWAYS.

O VAIN regret for distant days,
o idle, idle looking back,
henceforth we journey different ways,
here lies for each the given track.
Let us push bravely on alone,
though each must bear a broken heart,
'tis duty severs us, mine own,
'tis duty keeps our paths apart.

Farewell ; we both shall walk in night,
I love you, though I part from you,
you would not have me shun the right
because the right is hard to do.
Farewell in love, farewell in tears,
hard ways await our lonely feet ;
but God, maybe in after years,
at last will let our pathways meet.



GRANDFATHER'S GONE.

GRANDFATHER talks to his little ones sweet,
as he sits in his old oak chair,
two at his knees, and three at his feet,
tenderly stroking their hair ;
holding their little fat hands in his own,
smiling so soft and mild,
telling them stories of years long flown
when he was a child.

Grandfather's chair is empty now :
in the churchyard Grandfather lies ;
cold and still is his gentle brow,
closed are his sweet blue eyes.

GRANDFATHER 'S GONE.

And the little ones stand with a wistful air,
round the fire as eve draws on,
and whisper and point to his empty chair,
"Grandfather 's gone."

Grandfather's chair is empty still,
empty is each one's heart,
changed is the old home under the hill,
and the children are far apart.
And all are grown old, and some are asleep,
for swift have the years sped on,
but the words have their old fond yearning deep,
"Grandfather 's gone."





THE RIVER AND THE MAIDEN.

I saw a maiden standing in the night
beside a river and I heard her moan :

“ River, river, seaward flowing,
circling on by thorp and town,
moonbeams quiver, winds are blowing,
bright and glad thou hurriest down !

Gone for me is life's gold maytime,
gone for me is youth's sweet light,

I am weary of the day-time,

I am weary of the night !

Take me, gentle river, take me,
hide me out of sense and sight,

I am weary of the day-time,
so, so weary of the night.”

THE RIVER AND THE MAIDEN.

Then as the maiden trembled, crouching low,
the river answered and I heard it sing :

“Maiden, maiden, cease thy plaining,

weary ere thy day be past,

skies not always will be raining,

sorrows will not always last.

Thou hast thine own task assign'd thee,

copy me ; thy task fulfil ;

tho' thy tears may sometimes blind thee,

thou must wait and labour still ;

as the mightiest rushing river,

as the meanest mountain-rill,

meekly trusting, hoping ever,

waiting, working God's good will !”





GONE TO THEIR REST.

THE trumpet's blare has died away,
so peaceful sleep the meadows bright,
and merry children dart and play
where men once met in furious fight ;
no more the cannons roar and rave
the storm of battle has been blest,
but where are all the best and brave ?
Gone to their rest.

And peace is o'er the water-world,
the gallant war-ships calmly ride,
with silent guns and canvas furled,
upon the crowded harbour-tide.

GONE TO THEIR REST.

No more they thunder o'er the wave,
no more they break the silence blest,
but where are all the best and brave ?

Gone to their rest.

And oft at eve, in peace at home,
we love to talk of those who died,
fast by their guns upon the foam,
or charging on some bleak hill-side.

We seem to see their colours wave
o'er noble helm and broken crest,
but where are all the best and brave ?

Gone to their rest.





SHALL I REPINE?

SHALL I repine ? shall I repine ?
because her eyes so brightly shine
for other hearts than mine ?
shall I repine ?

The moon, the stars, the sun's gold ball,
gleam out of heav'n for me and all ;
but, that I cannot call them mine,
need I repine ? need I repine ?

If I have lov'd a cruel one
who wins true hearts to cast them by,
the ocean may engulf the sun
ere prostrate at her feet I'd lie.

SHALL I REPINE ?

I, that have lov'd her as a man,
will do what every brave man can ;
pass on, uncumber'd by her wiles,
learn to forget her faithless smiles.

But if she tender be,
if she so loveth me,
that am of low degree,
shall I repine or chide my fate
that sets me far below the great,
and makes no meed of honour mine,
shall I repine? shall I repine ?

Nay ! I will fight for fame,
to make me worthy of her name ;
and if I miss the world's renown,
her love shall be my crown.
If she be satisfied 'tis all I need,
her lips' sweet praise shall be my meed.
So shall my heart no more repine,
for she is mine ! she is mine !





OLD TIMBERTOES.

T WAS off Sebastopol, my boys,
I got this timbertoe ;
the time we licked the Rooshans, boys,
a score o' years ago.

But what did I want two legs for ?

I'm just as well wi' one ;
for Jack at sea an' Jack ashore
is not the boy to run.

For a fightin' we must go, an' a fightin' we must go,
an' what's the odds if you lose your legs, as long as you drub
the foe.

I had not been ashore a week
afore I lost my heart ;
I had not lost my heart a week
afore we had to part.

OLD TIMBERTOES.

She piped her eyes, my bonny lass,
when I went off to sea ;
I went aboard wi'out my heart,
but left it safe wi' she.

For a courtin' we must go, an' a courtin' we must go,
an' what's the odds if you lose your heart, if you've got your
lass in tow.

An' here upon the wharf we sit,
my old sweet wife an' me ;
an' talk o' Jem, our sailor boy,
whó's gone away to sea.

An' when he fights the foe, my boys,
he'll make the beggars run,
an' if he lose an arm or leg,
he'll fight as well wi' one.

For a fightin' we must go, an' a fightin' we must go,
an' what's the odds if you lose your legs as long as you drub
the foe.





THE WAGGON.

HEY tro-lol-lie ! hey tro-lol-lie !
gaily thro' the woods I go,
hey tro-lol-lie ! life is jolly,
with a team like mine, I trow.
All day long I sing my song,
as the waggon rolls along.
I'd not change, tho' Squire maybe
himself would change with me.
Over hill and down the dells
see the wheels go round ;
cracking whip and jingling bells
make a merry sound.

THE WAGGON.

“Come y’a Blossom ! Come y’a long away,
come y’a Vi’let ! Cheery come y’away.”

There’s a load to please a master

on a summer’s day,

faith ! I’d make the world go faster,

if ’twere mine, I say.

Come y’a Blossom ! come y’a Vi’let !

foot it thro’ the pebbly stream,

hey tro-lol-lie ! life is jolly,

with my waggon and my team !

I’ve a ribbon blue for Dolly,

that I bought at Weston fair,

when she walks with me on Sunday,

she will wear it in her hair.

Ribbons red or ribbons blue,

Dolly knows my heart is true ;

and I’ve saved a silver crown,

towards the wedding gown !

She’ll be waiting at the wicket

with a flower for me,

in my hat she’ll sweetly stick it,

then how fine I’ll be.

THE WAGGON.

“Come y’a Blossom !” softly she will say,

“come y’a Vi’let !” in her pretty way.

Ah ! ’tis a load to make one jolly,

on a summer’s day,

faith, next week I’d marry Dolly,

if ’twere mine, I say.

Come y’a Blossom ! come y’a Vi’let !

foot it thro’ the pebbly stream,

Hey tro-lol-lie ! life is jolly !

with my waggon and my team !





LITTLE GRANNY.

SHE'S the sweetest of all little lasses,
look at her sitting there,
with grandmother's cap and glasses,
in grandmother's old oak chair.
Sweet little saucy Nannie,
white cap on her golden hair,
regular little granny,
with her dignified air.

Come to me, little pet Nannie,
sit on my knee awhile,
shall I tell you a tale, little granny?
haven't you got one smile?

LITTLE GRANNY.

Why! she's asleep, my Nannie,
tightly holding my hand;
dustman has taken granny
to lullaby land.

Sleep on now, little Nannie,
you will be old one day,
but then, but then, little granny,
I shall be gone away.
God send fond arms to caress you,
and bright eyes your sunshine to be,
and a warm little heart to bless you,
as yours is a blessing to me!





THE MIDSHIPMITE.

T WAS in '55, on a winter's night,
cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho!
we'd got the Rooshan lines in sight,
when up comes a little Midshipmite,
cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho!
"Who'll go ashore to-night," says he,
"an' spike their guns along wi' me?"
"Why! bless'ee, sir, come along!" says we,
cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho!
With a long long pull,
an' a strong strong pull,
gaily, boys, make her go!
An' we'll drink to-night
to the Midshipmite,
singing cheerily, lads, yeo-ho!

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

We launched the cutter, an' shoved her out,
cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho !
the Rooshans might ha' heard us shout,
as the little Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about !"

cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho !
We made for the guns, an' we rammed 'em tight,
but the musket shots came left and right,
an' down drops the poor little Midshipmite,
steadily, my lads, yeo-ho !

With a long long pull,
an' a strong strong pull,
gaily, boys, make her go !
An' we'll drink to-night
to the Midshipmite,
singing cheerily, lads, yeo-ho !

"I'm done for now. Good-bye," says he,
steadily, my lads, yeo-ho !
"You make for the boat ; never mind for me."
"We'll take ee back, sir, or die !" says we ;
steadily, my lads, yeo-ho !

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,
an' we pulled every man wi' all his might,
an' we saved the poor little Midshipmite,
cheerily, my lads, yeo-ho !
With a long long pull,
an' a strong strong pull,
gaily, boys, make her go !
An' we'll drink to-night
to the Midshipmite,
singing cheerily, lads, yeo-ho !





AT PEACE, BUT STILL ON GUARD.



THE guard-room fire brightly burns, boys,
the sentries are pacing below,
past ten ! and 'twill soon be our turns, boys ;

I'll give you a toast ere we go.

" A health to the Queen that reigns o'er us,
a health to our sweethearts and wives ! "

then give them your voices in chorus,

in war we will give them our lives.

Our swords are whet, the watches set,

and ev'ry portal barr'd,

then pass the sign from line to line,

" At peace ! but still on guard ! "

AT PEACE, BUT STILL ON GUARD.

A fig for the foe and his bluster,
let him dare to come over the seas,
we're ready at mess-time or muster,
not sleeping or standing at ease.
Then join, comrades, join in the chorus,
be this ev'ry Englishman's pride,
to remember the brave gone before us,
and nobly to die as they died.
We'll twine our sheaths with olive wreaths,
but keep each portal barr'd,
and pass the sign from line to line,
"At peace, but still on guard."





MY FRIEND.

MY friend ! my friend ! who is my friend ?
he that would borrow or he that would lend ?
he that is high or low in degree ?
he that has pelf or poverty ?
Men are many, but friends are rare,
friends are few in the world's great fair,
but what care I, what their fortune be ;
he is my friend, who is true to me.

He that comes to my open door,
be I rich or be I poor ;
he that asks not if my board
be fit for peasant or for lord.

MY FRIEND.

He that stands at my side alway,
nor waits to see what the world will say,
caring not what my fortune be,
he is the friend, the friend for me !

He that loves and guards my name
spotless as his own fair fame ;
chides my faults whate'er they be ;
praises, but not flatters me.

He who fails not, in my needs ;
spurs me on to noble deeds ;
with his life would mine defend ;
—that is he ! he is my friend !





FOLDED HANDS.

I SAW her when a little child,
grow quiet in her glee,
and kneel with thoughtful face and mild,
beside her mother's knee;
e'en now I hear the falt'ring pray'r,
she scarcely understands;
e'en now I see her kneeling there,
with folded baby hands.

I saw the little child again,
a gentle woman grown;
but past was all her care and pain,
and all her labour done.

FOLDED HANDS.

Her body to its rest was giv'n ;
her soul to Heav'n's far lands,
the lily of the peace of Heav'n,
within her folded hands.

And ever when the shadows flee,
in dreams I see her still,
she seems to lean and beckon me,
across the distant hill ;
she sees me kneeling on the sod,
she hears me where she stands,
there ! in the golden light of God,
with folded angel hands.





WHEN THE REAPERS REST.

ONE by one the sheaves of gold
fall before the sickle bright ;
and the gleaners young and old
will rejoice at home to-night ;
blithely now the reaper's song
echoes from the dusking plain,
while the children dance along,
laughing round the loaded wain ;
one by one each distant hill
purples in the changing west,
all is peaceful, all is still,
and the weary reapers rest !

WHEN THE REAPERS REST.

One by one the years go by,
 life's wide fields are ripening fast ;
soon the harvest will be nigh,
 and the Angels reap at last;
reaping early, reaping late,
 soon the sheaves are gathered home,
garnered in the golden gate
 till the Lord of Harvest come !
Heav'n the harvest-anthem thrills,
 glory streams from east to west,
peace on those eternal hills !
 and the Angel-reapers rest !





FIDELITY JACK

OF all men o' war's men as ever you've seen,
an' you've seen a good many, I'll back,
there's not one that has fought for his country an' Queen,
half as good as Fidelity Jack.

O well I remember the songs he 'ud sing,
when the wind whistled loud in our track,—
a jolly old soul was the fo'c's'le king,
an' we dubb'd him Fidelity Jack.

“Be content with your rations, your duty, an' pay,
let land-lubbers croak as they lists,
if strikin's your fancy, my lads” he would say,
“strike home an' strike hard with your fists!

FIDELITY JACK.

Why, lads, 'tis an honour to fight for the Queen,
an' to wear the Queen's blue on your back ;
let these be your notions, if e'er you'd be seen
'longside of Fidelity Jack."

Then sing to the jolly old pensioners, sing,
prosperity ne'er may they lack,
an' long may they sit with their grog in a ring,
an' swear by Fidelity Jack.

He sings his old songs, an' he tells o' the war,
Tho' his notes sometimes quaver an' crack,
Be true to your colours, an' ev'ry Jack Tar
—we'll dub him Fidelity Jack.



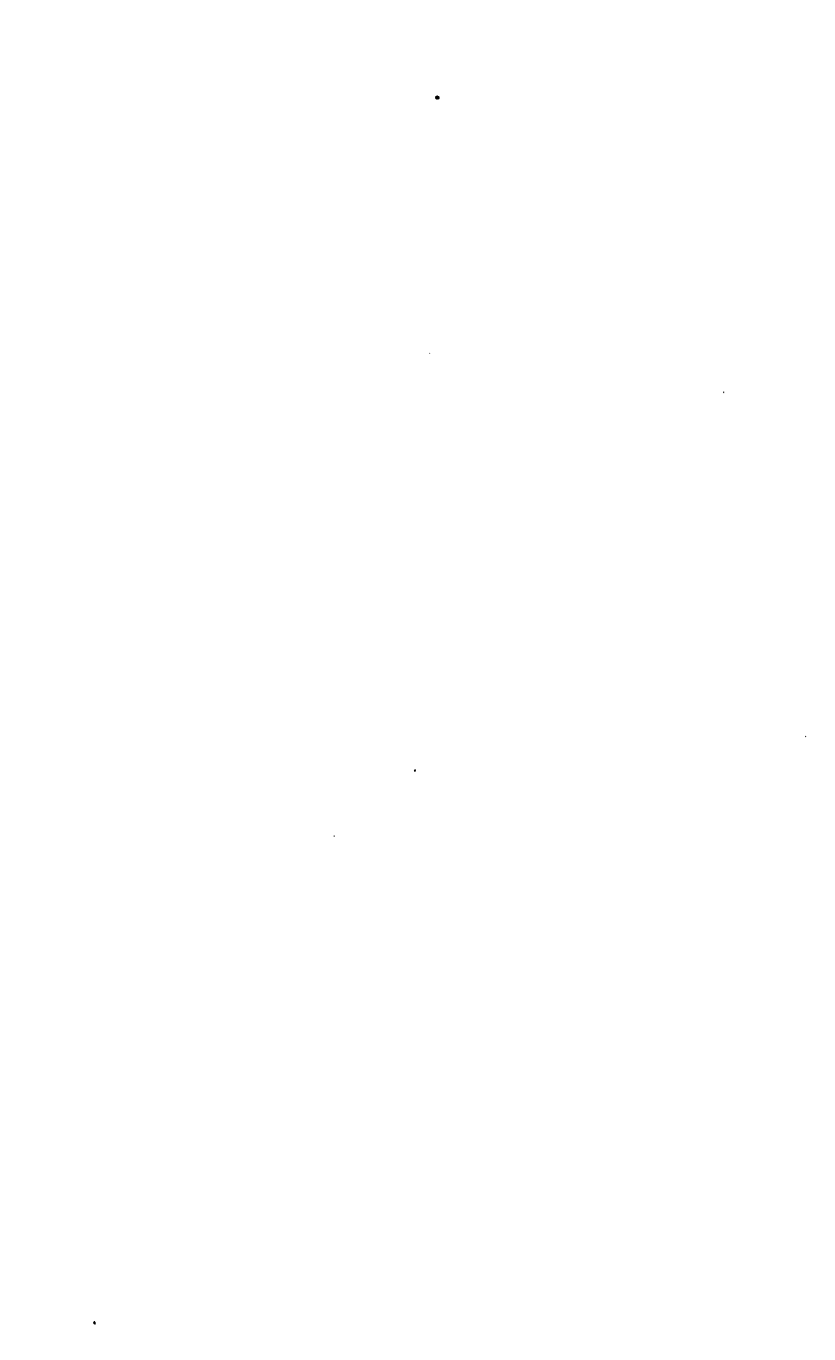
INDEX.

	MUSIC BY	PAGE
Across the far blue hills, Marie	<i>J. Blumenthal</i>	41
A Little Cloud	<i>C. Pinsuti</i>	16
A Little Mountain Lad	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	30
A Sailor's Wooing	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	48
Angus Macdonald	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	52
An Old Chelsea Pensioner	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	19
At Peace, but still on Guard	<i>O. Barri</i>	117
At the Ferry	<i>M. Wellings</i>	60
At the Queen's Command	<i>The Countess of Charlemont</i>	65
Because I do	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	64
Because of Thee	<i>B. Tours</i>	92
Bird and the Cross, The	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	57
Blue Eyes	<i>A. Behrend</i>	21
By and by	<i>C. Pinsuti</i>	43
Chorister, The	<i>A. Sullivan</i>	28
Closed Door, The	<i>W. Austin</i>	87
Davy Jones	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	67
Down the Golden Woods	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	53
Dresden China	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	1
Ferry Maiden, The	<i>A. Gaul</i>	96
Fidelity Jack	<i>A. Cellier</i>	125
Folded Hands	<i>A. Compton</i>	121
For Ever and for Aye	<i>H. Smart</i>	55
For the Colours	<i>C. Pinsuti</i>	32
Gift of Tears, The	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	50
Gone to Their Rest	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	103
Grandfather's Gone	<i>F. Neale</i>	99
Granny	<i>B. Tours</i>	39
Jack's Yarn	<i>L. Diehl</i>	24
Just as of Old	<i>W. Cummings</i>	7
Key of Gold, The	<i>L. Diehl</i>	79
King's Highway, The	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	14
Little Bruno	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	5

INDEX.

	MUSIC BY	PAGE
Little Golden Hair	<i>O. Barri</i>	88
Little Granny	<i>J. Woolf</i>	112
Little Pink Gown	<i>Mrs. A. Goodeve</i>	46
Little Wife	<i>M. Wellings</i>	90
London Bridge	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	3
Love and Art	<i>F. Berger</i>	45
Love and Time	<i>B. Tours</i>	17
Midshipmite, The	<i>S. Adams</i>	114
My Darlings Three	<i>T. Anderton</i>	75
My Friend	<i>A. Behrend</i>	119
My Lass	<i>L. Diehl</i>	69
My Little Maid	<i>W. C. Levey</i>	81
Nancy Lee	<i>S. Adams</i>	12
Old Timbertoes	<i>C. Tovey</i>	107
Polly	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	34
Poppies in the Corn	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	37
River and the Maiden, The	<i>O. Barri</i>	101
Sea's Love, The	<i>A. Gaul</i>	94
Shall I Repine	<i>C. Pinsuti</i>	105
Snowdrops	<i>B. Tours</i>	62
Some other Day	<i>O. Barri</i>	22
Sons of Vulcan	<i>C. Wigan</i>	77
Time Flies	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	85
Touched	<i>C. Tennant</i>	26
Turnham Toll	<i>M. Wellings</i>	10
Two Orphans, The	<i>B. Tours</i>	93
Two Pathways	<i>B. Tours</i>	98
Waggon, The	<i>J. L. Molloy</i>	109
We shall See	<i>J. Blumenthal</i>	71
What are they to do?	<i>A. Randegger</i>	73
The Little Skipper	<i>L. Gray</i>	83
When the Reapers Rest	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	123
When we are Old and Gray	<i>C. Sainton Dolby</i>	8
Window Sill, The	<i>J. L. Roeckel</i>	36
Worker, The	<i>C. Gounod</i>	58

Diprose, Bateman & Co., Printers, Sheffield Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.



**RETURN
TO ➡**

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

198 Main Stacks

LOAN PERIOD 1 HOME USE	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS.

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.

Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

[illegible]

YC 111928

